

# D O W N - H A L L :

A

## P O E M.

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By the Late Mr. P R I O R.

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*Whene'er in moving Lines the Bard unfolds  
The Solomonian Phrase, he strikes our Souls;  
We scorn, the while we read the solemn Lays,  
The World's Delusion, and the Bubble Praise.*

*Whene'er he girts with Wreaths the Victor's Brow,  
He crowns the Heroe, and the Poet too.*

*When Chloe's Form, and Emma's Flame he tells,  
Th' infectious Passion ev'ry Reader feels.*

*Each diff'rent Song does ev'ry Breast inspire,  
Our Hearts are tun'd according to his Lyre!*

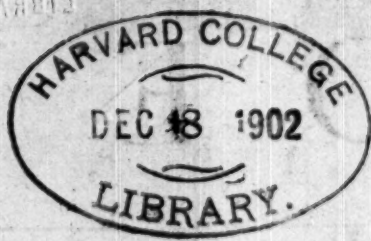
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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BROTHERTON, at the *Bible* next  
the *Fleece Tavern* in *Cornhill*. MDCCXXVII.

[Price 6d.]

15464.68\*



Subscription fund of 1902



# THE PREFACE.



*HE uncommon Success that  
always attended the Works  
of Mr. PRIOR, is sufficient  
Encouragement to any one, to publish  
any Performance of that Gentleman's.  
But stronger were the Motives that  
induced me to it; I thought it an In-  
jury*

# THE PREFACE.

*jury done to the Memory of the Dead,  
and a Wrong to the World, to screen  
from Light any Thing of that immor-  
tal Man's; especially when it was  
in my Power to oblige the World  
therewith.*

*I thought it proper, on this Occa-  
sion, to inform the Reader, that the  
posthumous Works of Mr. PRIOR,  
publish'd some Time ago by Mr. C---l,  
are thought to be spurious. That*

*this*



# THE PREFACE.

*this is genuine, will surely be doubted by none, unless of a very depraved Taste. Look on the Thief and Cor- delier, and Down-Hall, then think if they could be wrote by separate Hands. See the Easiness of Thought, and Nature so artificially drawn, and judge if they can be any one's but a PRIOR'S.*

*Such are the Sentiments of some judicious Correspondence ; by whose*

*Advice*

# THE PREFACE.

*Advice I no longer conceal'd the following Poem, (the Copy of which has been above a Year in my Hands) but took this Opportunity to favour the Ingenious with it.*

**D O W N.**

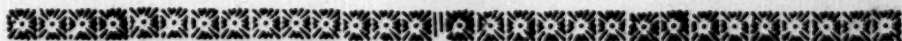


# D O W N - H A L L :

A

## B A L L A D.

To the Tune of *King John*, and the *Abbot*  
of *Canterbury*.



### S T A N Z A

I.

**I** Sing not old *Jason*, who travell'd thro' *Greece*,  
To kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich Fleece;  
Nor sing I *Aeneas*, who, led by his Mother,  
Got rid of one Wife, and went far for another.

*Derry Down, Down, hey derry Down.*

B

II.

## II.

Nor him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,  
*Ulysses* by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go Home;  
 But rather desir'd to see Cities, and Men,  
 Than return to his Farms, and converse with old *PEN*.

## III.

Hang *Homer* and *Virgil*, their Meaning to seek,  
 A Man must go poke in the *Latin*, and *Greek*;  
 They who love their own Tongue, we have Reason to hope,  
 Have read them translated by *Dryden*, and *Pope*.

## IV.

But I sing of Exploits that have lately been done  
 By two *British* Heroes, call'd *Matthew* and *John*;  
 And how they rid friendly from fair *London* Town,  
 Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *Down*.

## V.

Now e'er they went out you may rightly suppose  
 How much they discours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Prose*;

\*

For



For before this great Journey was throughly concerted,  
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

VI.

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here my Friend *John*,  
I fairly have travell'd Years thirty and one;  
And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's Warrants,  
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

VII.

And now in this Journey of Life I would have  
A Place where to bait, 'twixt the Court and the Grave;  
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die.  
\* Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

VIII.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbors so thick,  
A Portal of Stone, and a Fabrick of Brick;

---

\* A Word that Mr. M — y often uses.

The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r,  
But the Money, Gadzooks, must be paid to an Hour.

IX.

For Things of this World must by Law be made certain,  
We both must repair to *Oliver M——n*;  
For he is a Lawyer of worthy Renown;  
I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at *Down*.

X.

Quoth *Marshew*, I know that from *Berwick* to *Dover*,  
You have sold all your Premises over and over;  
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,  
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

XI.

But a Word to the Purpose, to Morrow, dear Friend,  
We'll see what to Night you so highly commend;  
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,  
Let the *D——l* and *Con——y* go with the rest.

XII.

## XII.

Then answer'd Friend M——y, pray get a Calash,  
 That in Summer may burn, and in Winter may splash;  
 I love Dirt and Dust, and 'tis always my Pleasure,  
 To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

## XIII.

But *Matthew* thought better, for *Matthew* thought right,  
 And hir'd a Chariot so trim and so tight,  
 That Extreame both of Winter and Summer might pass;  
 For one Window was Canvas, the other was Glass.

## XIV.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*: Pull down, quoth Friend  
 (John,  
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon.  
 Thus talking and scolding they forward did speed;  
 And \* *Ralpho* pac'd by, under † *Newman* the Sweed.

---

\* The Name of a Horse,

† The Name of a Man.

XV.

Into an old Inn did this Equipage roll,  
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the Bull;  
Near a \*Nymph with an Urn divides the Highway,  
And into a Puddle throws Mother of Tea.

XVI.

† Come here my sweet Landlady, Pray how do you do?  
Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence*, and *Sue*?  
And where is the Widow, that liv'd here below?  
And the Hostler that sung about eight Years ago?

XVII.

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?  
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear.  
By my Troth, she replies, you grow younger, I think:  
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

---

\* At *Hodsdon*, where in the Road is the Shape of a Nymph pouring Water out of an Urn.

† Mr. M — y speaks.



XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,  
If I know to which Question to answer you first;  
Why Things since I saw you most strangely are vary'd;  
The Hostler is hang'd, and the Widow is marry'd;

XIX.

And *Pru* left a Child for the Parish to nurse,  
And *Sisley* went off with a Gentleman's Purse;  
And as to my Sister, so mild, and so dear,  
She has lain in the Church-Yard full many a Year.

XX.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; What signifies Grief?  
She roasted red Veal, and she powder'd lean Beef;  
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine Dish,  
For tough were her Pullets, and tender her Fish.

XXI.

For that Matter, Sir, be 'Squire, Knight, or Lord,  
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford.

I should look on my self as unhappily sped,  
Did I yield to a Sifter, or living or dead.

## XXII.

Of Mutton a delicate Neck and a Breast,  
Shall swim in the Water in which they were drest;  
And because you great Folks are with Rarities taken,  
Addle Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank Bacon.

## XXIII.

The Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid,  
And M——y most lovingly whisper'd the Maid:  
The Maid—— was she handsome? why, truly, so, so,  
But what M——y whisper'd we never shall know.

## XXIV.

Then up rose these Heroes, as brisk as the Sun,  
And their Horses like his were prepared to run.  
Now when in the Morning Matt ask'd for the Score;  
John kindly had paid it the Evening before.

## XXV.

## XXV.

Their Breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat;  
 (A Custom in Travellers mighty discreet)  
 And thus with great Friendship, and Glee, they went on,  
 To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,  
 Called hey *Down*, hey derry *Down*.

## XXVI.

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?  
 Why, of Spots in the Sun, and the Man in the Moon;  
 Of the Czar's gentle Temper, and the Stocks in the City;  
 Of the wise Men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

## XXVII.

So to *Harlow* they came, and — \* Hey, where are ye all?  
 Show us into the Parlour, and mind when I call;  
 Why your Maids have no Motion, your Men have no Life.  
 Well, Master, I hear you have bury'd your Wife.

---

\* Mr. M — y speaks.

## XXVIII.

Come this very Instant, take Care to provide  
 Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse, and a Guide.  
 Are the *Harrissons* here, both the old and the young?  
 And where stands fair *Down*? ——— The Delight of my  
 (Song.

## XXIX.

Oh! Sir, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,  
 I have bury'd Two Wives since you travell'd this Way;  
 And the *Harrissons* both may be presently here;  
 And *Down* stands, I think, where it stood the last Year.

## XXX.

Then *Joan* brought the Tea-Pot, and *Caleb* the Toast,  
 And the Wine was froth'd out by the Hand of our Host;  
 But we clear'd our *extempore* Banquet so fast,  
 That the *Harrissons* both were forgot in the Haste.



## XXXI.

Now hey for *Down-Hall*, for the Guide he was got;  
 The Chariot was mounted, the Horses did trot;  
 The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round;  
 But oh! all in vain, for no *Down* could be found.

## XXXII.

Oh thou Popish Guide, thou hast led us astray.  
 Says he, How the Devil should I know the Way?  
 I never yet travell'd this Road in my Life;  
*Down* lies on the left, I was told by my Wife.

## XXXIII.

Thy Wife, answer'd *Matthew*, when she went abroad,  
 Ne'er told thee of half the By-Ways she had trod;  
 Perhaps she met Friends, and brought Pence to thy  
 (House;  
 But thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

## XXXIV.

What is this Thing, *M—y*? and how can you mean it?

We have lost our Estate here before we have seen it.

Have Patience, soft *M—y* in Anger reply'd,

To find out our Way, let us send off our Guide.

## XXXV.

Oh! here I spy *Down*, cast your Eye to the West,

Where a Wind-Mill so stately stands plainly confess'd.

On the West, reply'd *Matthew*, no Wind-Mill I find;

As well thou may'st tell me I see the West Wind.

## XXXVI.

Now pardon me, *M—y*, the Wind-Mill I spy;

But faithful *Achates* no House is there nigh.

Look again, says mild *M—y*, Gadzooks, you are  
(blind;

The Mill stands before, and the House lies behind.

XXXVII.

Oh! now a low, ruin'd, white Shed I discern,  
 Until'd, and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a Barn.  
 A Barn!—Why you rave.—'Tis a House for a 'Squire,  
 A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

XXXVIII.

A House should be built, or with Brick, or with Stone.  
 Why 'tis Plaister, and Lath, and I think that's all one;  
 And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,  
 Been called a Hall, and has given its Name  
 To *Down, Down*, hey derry *Down*.

XXXIX.

Oh! *M—y*, Oh! *M—y*, if that be a Hall,  
 The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall.  
 With your Friend *Jemmy G—bs* about Building agree;  
 My Business is Land, and it matters not me.

## XL

I wish you could tell what a Duce your Head ails ;  
 I shov'd you *Down-Hall*, did you look for *Versailles* ?  
 Then take House, and Farm, as *John B*—it will let ye,  
 For better for worse, as I took my Dame *B*—ity.

## XLI.

And now, Sir, a Word to the wife is enough,  
 You'll make very little of all your old Stuff ;  
 And to build at your Age, by my Troth you grow simple ;  
 Are you young and rich, like the \* *Master of Wimple*.

## XLII.

If you have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,  
 From twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see Five Farthings.  
 And in your's I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate,  
 E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate.

---

\* *My Lord Harley.*



## XLIII.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part.  
 Here *John* is my Thumb. ——— And here *Matt* is my  
 (Heart.  
 To *Halsted* I speed, and you go back to Town.  
 Thus ends the first Part of the Ballad of *Down*.

F I N I S.

